

TRIES TO "PINCH" TWO COPPERS; FINED \$10

Joseph Bono in the Maxwell street court this morning paid \$10 for the pleasure he derived from impersonating a policeman Sunday night. Bono might have gotten by with the stunt if he had not selected two plainclothes men for his victims.

Officers Husfeldt and Weisbaum were bringing a prisoner to the station when Bono stopped them at 14th place and Jefferson street. He asked them where they were going, their names, addresses, and what they intended to do with the man they were holding.

"What's it to you?" asked Husfeldt.

Bono threw open his coat importantly. "What's it to me? Why, I am a police officer, and I intend to arrest you for kidnapping this man. Come on with me."

"Say, Pal," returned Weisbaum, "you've got a wrong steer.

Cut the kidding out and go on home." But Bono was going to arrest the policemen, by hek, if he had to use force.

Finally the two coppers showed their stars, but Bono wasn't dismayed a bit. "No use," he said. "Can't fool me. Phoney stars. Mine is the goods."

Then the two policemen added Bono to their collection, and brought him in with the other man. He told the judge this morning that he didn't know what he was doing. Hadn't taken a drink in two years, but Sunday night he went out with a

friend—same old story.

"I'm impersonating some officers when I pay my fine," mourned Bono. "I see there was a bunch of them got soaked by the commission."

OUR PRECISE ARTIST



"The mother tongue."

Time to Roost.

"Doctor," said a despairing patient, "I'm in a dreadful way—I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the medical man, gravely, "I think you had better roost!"—New York Evening Sun

Real Bliss.

"Do you enjoy moving picture shows?"

"Very much. We can talk all through a performance, and still get all that is going on."—Detroit Free Press.

People who live in glass houses must be careful about changing their clothes.